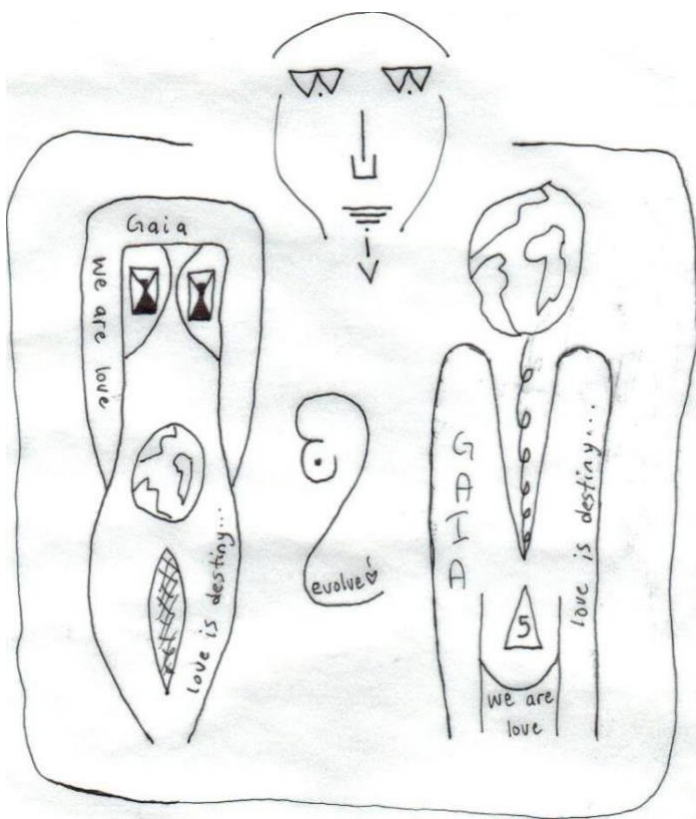


Alchemical Starseed



Zisa. Aziza

Alchemical Starseed



Truth is my Compass, & Wisdom my Helm.

*once you know, you cannot unknow.
once you have seen, you can never unsee.
once you have allowed yourself to feel,
you are freed from silence; for the submergence
of one's truth only births havoc within the self.*

Zisa Aziza

Negress of Saturn's Deeds

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Gift Artist Directly:

Venmo/Paypal: @negressofsaturn
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**“In a devolving world, is psychosis
an autoimmune response of the psyche?”**

Humanity

The disease must run its course;
A spiritual illness has a metaphysical source

Although we apply treatment by intellectual discourse,
For evil, we may have little recourse

Spell: 015

The tree from whence I came,
Destiny amended

I renounced my surname,
Forecast is splendid

**In life, when I close doors, I do not pick my own locks; no
matter how tempting the knocks. I have no desire to make
a paradox of my spiritual development,
and its nonlinear clocks.**

Spell: 014

Certainly, I chose to incarnate!

I am a diamond in a landfill;
a starseed who cannot be recycled.

Spiritual Bypass

My heart is tapped out
This is over my head

I am on a long-distance call;
Intergalactic reception

**‘What I dey do here, oh!
Me no know what I did?’**

Can I get a cheat sheet for the planned lesson?
This is my last earthly session!

There are so many weeds in my garden
I have removed all the mulch from the garlic

I accept the procession of that which is karmic
I know this ride makes a mockery of logic

My transcending wish, for when I disembark this biotech ship,
Is to awake in the embrace of my divine courtship

Between dimensions, I will draw calligraphy upon an undated
scroll.

To all else, I surrender control; for earth is a school into which
I chose to enroll

Babygurl Meditation

In my mind, I am seated in a garden. I observe my 10-year-old self in Lagos. I feel her agony, placelessness, primal rage, and hopelessness.

She is strapping metaphoric grenades around her waist. Ready to kill upon any signal of rape. She sleeps with a knife in her pillowcase. She is a track star who runs from the feather of a threat.

That little girl is who I rock to sleep everyday. I assuage her persistent heartache. I remind her that the year is not 1999.

I tell her that she did not become a murderer of her hostage-takers. She did not find her father's shotgun and make that serial rapist eat the gun barrel. She did not stab her stepmother the way that woman's tongue clawed at her soul.

I tell her that she made it out of the war intact.

I tell her that she can feel.

I tell her that she is not broken.

I tell her that she is made of magic.

I dare her to cast her wand.

I hug her in the most life-affirming way. My tears flow like a river between time. I ask the sediments of gravity to wash away the stain on her soul. I have become undone, in the pursuit of

becoming whole. May these words be a holy medicine, because she is a divine specimen.

“Auntie” Nnenna

When you embrace the waters of your soul, you recognize that the drought is pervasive, and you discern who can drink from your fountain.

Detoxing frivolity and drama
Editing the narrative of your trauma

Peace is an aphrodisiac
Solitude, a deserving paradisiac

Staying in your lane,
Minding your business keeps you sane

I woke up to a call from a ghost,
To her request, I politely said 'No'

She thought we had beef, she became engrossed
The fact is, to the dead there is nothing I owe

Let me be the black sheep congealed of blood from three
continents.

Neglected and abused, the harm became self-love that I
transfused.

Unequivocally, I implore you to erase me from your lineage!
Flabbergasted! How can predatory dysfunction drape both my
matrilineage, AND patrilineage?

*Spirit, this riddled mystery of unbelonging is my divine duty to
birth into delivery.*

*May the womb of my psyche gestate and be nourished by my
celestial umbilical cord.*

Healing Stage

I am sauntering through the memories
that structure the home of my childhood.

Although I cannot demolish the architecture of my
adolescence,
that which cannot be transmuted into florescence, I release for
its obsolescence.

Between the basement and the attic of my formative years, I
hum in my mother tongue of Igbo. I gyrate and let my pain
migrate, which permits my bliss to vibrate.

Reframe

Drapetomania of yesterday is the Bipolar of today!

I'd run off the plantation if the planet wasn't the Massa's house. I've been to the field, the developing world bears the heft of us in the house. The impulse for comparison I drowse.

I relinquish the white supremacist tactic of quantifying blackness. My melanin, like gelatin, is imperceivable because of its inherent medicine.

In my dreams, I conspire with the elements to unbind the psyche of man. I am a designated leader of the emancipatory clan. Consuming the poison of division and peeling the fruit of unity vision.

A root worker, who becomes sick to cultivate the herbal remedy. Hate is the enemy, peace the heart's melody.

Let me taste your soul?

Planetary victory requires that we all seek to become whole!

Parasitic and paralytic is the catalytic.
Health is the most attainable wealth.

**“Neither victim, nor survivor —
in the ocean of healing, I am a skilled diver.”**

Storytime

In the era of 2019, I came across a black hoodie that had the words “White Lives Matter Too Much” printed in bold white ink. At that time, it resonated. The sentiment still applies, but it’s not what you say but how you say it. My therapist thought the statement was “inflammatory,” and over time, I agreed. I discontinued wearing the hoodie. And with the passing of the Virgo full moon, I felt compelled to release the hoodie.

I placed the hoodie on the railing near my building, as a free thing to take. After returning home from a cafe, and seeing that it was still there, I thought of adding a post-it, stating that it was free. While exiting my building, I had an interaction with a White Puerto Rican neighbor. He inquired why I was wearing the hoodie to begin with, and if I had suddenly grown up.

What was amiss to me was that I didn’t disagree with the hoodie’s statement, it simply no longer resonated with my frequency. This White Puerto Rican neighbor indignantly stated that it was hateful. I immediately posited that the treatment of Ukrainians and Haitians illustrate whose life matters more. Particularly in Europe (and Israel), where African and Afghani refugees are dehumanized systematically.

The White Puerto Rican neighbor began to retreat into the building, but thought to share, “You know where I’m coming

from. I'm a republican." A dogwhistle of a way for him to proclaim that he is a white supremacist.

I was aghast! This crack-dealing malnourished looking White Puerto Rican with pedophile tendencies who lives in section-8 housing, is telling me that wearing a hoodie that states the obvious is hateful. After walking thirty New York City blocks, to self-regulate, and now sitting in another cafe writing this, I realize the world is truly splitting.

Liberty, consciousness, and empathy has nothing to do with demographics or socially constructed identities. This evolutionary canal through which we are making our collective passage, defies class, gender, sexuality, race, and religion. This is strictly frequency.

Perceiving and discerning energy is the only mechanism by which one can determine safety and alignment. I subscribe to no club or network that does not root itself in a critical analysis of the incessant interplay of oppression, denigration, and exploitation that is pervasive in both micro and macro dynamics; and thereby perpetuated.

I now know that when I desire to give things away to my neighbors, such as food bought off of the app Too Good To Go, or clothing I no longer desire, I will instead walk myself to a shelter. Because it is unwise to reward those who engage in

predatory violence and with the same mental compass, express their fragility.

This is truly a gift of reckoning. I will move accordingly.

Sedated

Reality is relative

Breath is tentative

Distractions are decorative

Alchemy is the imperative

Hovering Stroll

My soul is submerged in the waters of intuition,
As I observe the sky falling

Within me, a sense of peace and urgency are brawling.

It is the awe of salt in the sea of my spirit's cognition,
That my ancestors and spirit council are calling

**No matter your resistance, fate is immune to any attempts
of stalling**

I am embodied in a dream — that is nightmarish
But this corporeality enables me to eat time as a dish

I'll fix my palate and nurse the microbiome of my psyche's gut
Because my 3-eyes are open, and never again will they shut

Dazed

This cult culture
Drizzled with hate

The rhetoric is not innate
I reject the inheritance of this mental estate

I was 5, when I loved a neighbor
Loving women, has never been a labor

Gender nonconformity has been my divine destiny
But these politicking degenerates are gunning for my identity

Those who stray from hegemony
Are a living illustration of its parody

I am a genetic expression of life!
And because I have a pussy, you think I ought to be a man's
wife!!?

Beat my face, and curl my lashes?
This collective delusion got me breaking out in spiritual rashes

The social control and domination
Is an explicit societal abomination

The day is both long and dark!
Liberation is a ship we must embark

The tides are rising, and evil stay colonizing
These times are incredibly polarizing

I hope you have a life vest for your soul
Because ain't no one getting cosmic parole

Spell: 013

I'm charging up my merkabah,
Hot-wiring my jump-ship

Between dimensions, Imma slip

Rebuttal

Your skin is a shelf where time has planted itself, but you have denied evolution an opportunity to be an embodied rapture. What has your imagination failed to capture? This simulation is the Ivy League of our Universe. Every soul was scouted. How dare you refuse to become sprouted!

Trauma is a bitter herb that must be fermented, from which its medicine is invented. Trauma, in of itself, is unoriginal in this 3rd dimension. I say this without condescension, but as an inquiry into the utilization of your soul's tools for ascension.

**“Grace is a skill embodied by the soul’s
attunement with self.”**

Spiritual Insurgent

The universe is expanding
within my cells

In my palms,
I behold living parallels

Born among vultures

The light of life,
an enticing bright

Human flesh is a cocoon
for my consciousness

I pray that my earthly evolution becomes complete,
and rendered the proper righteousness

“In the dining room of my soul, I grant every grain of my individuation the freedom to be a delectable crop, plucked from my spirit’s garden.”

An Offering

When hate is generated,
parts of our psyche feel venerated.

I used to strap bullets between my teeth
and would load sound by cocking my tongue.

Now, that I am sprung in the spring of my healing,
I seek to refrain from any psychic misdealing.

Karma boomerang like the bitch you stomped out.
Consider me humbled and devout.

When your destination is a vibration,
divination is the aspiration of your spirit's occupation.

If it ain't metaphysically nutritious,
I am both judicious and superstitious.

I desire that which is holy and delicious.

Spiritualist

Earth is dense, mind HOW you make sense!

Truly, no specific community or identity is the proper recipient of hate. Evil is a trait, and self-righteousness is quick to sedate the frequency you seek to elevate.

When you recognize the immorality of your soul, it's no longer sword for sword because your being is more whole. Would a forty-year-old man curse out a five-year-old child?

Spiritual age is not defined by wrinkles or gray hair, but knowing the might of your being and how you must learn to spare. Some of us fight, some of us kill, only you know your will. Do not efface your regal grace. You are a living fireplace that no one ought to deface.

Prayer in 5D

Vibration must be directed towards elevation.
No time for deviation; alignment or wrong assignment.

I am exclusive, effusive and reclusive.

Thoughts become things, which grow wings.
And fly in the sky we paint with belief.
We can choose celebration or grief.

I am managing my perception.
Upon the detection of anger,
I am engaging in interception.

In all dimensions, I become the victor!
How dreams are an undeniable predictor!

Preserving my energy for spiritual synergy.
Observing those who behave bitterly,
May spirit bless your injury.

Tit for tat, I'm not here for the slippery.
As I am rooted in supernal witchery.

To all the funny energy, I declare: 'Adios vaya con dios.'
In the name of the holy spirit, and the divine trios.

**“Psychology is to spirituality,
what math is to numerology.”**

Exodus

I came in through the underworld
I know what I saw! Fuck what you heard

I'm doing butterfly strokes in the primordial waters
I am bemused by timeline hoppers and plotters

Engulfed by radiance
I observe the pestilence

Under the firmament, I stack my commissary
My spiritual emancipation necessitated life's adversary

Doubt is a plague
Intuition be vague

The uncoiled serpent made me divergent
Ascendance is both emergent and convergent

**“When folk start acting feral, their psyche may be sterile.
Be cautious, you’re in uncertain peril.”**

Feedback Circuit

Peace is my North Star

Perception is a door

If there is fungus at the root

The seed will not become a shoot

Contaminated truth

Can pollute and become acute

Discernment is bleach

Clarity, you shall reach

**“We must balance the scales of the inner and
outer worlds we roam; May your spiritual home
be an immortal dome.”**

Babysitting

Between my higher and lower self,
I negotiate a persistent quarrel

I inquire of both, do you not desire harmony with self?

It is of utmost importance that your attention
And energy not be harnessed against your will

Resist the urge to nibble upon a familiar lie
Command the restlessness of your inner seas into a clear sky

MFA

Dream looters pull up
With a stick up

Got me feeling like a shark
Asking tuna for permission to swim

No child, partner, house, or car
The phantom American dream looking grim

Fantasy is a shore, with whom I have great rapport
If poetry were personified, I am her avatar

An introverted empress, a spiritual Negress

A literary craftswoman in isolation
You don't require the Academy's authorization

Community is a consolation, you have yet to gain affiliation
Realization is an invitation for evaluation

Become your own school, google is a tool
Discipline a master, you're your own headmaster

Create evidence of your resonance
Edify yourself into eminence

May this be your genesis!

Drifting Thoughts

1. There are moments when civility is a liability.
2. When your soul itches, examine your environment. There may be an allergen of malice seeking to torment.
3. If a blade of grass could split one's soul, what would you sow?
4. The hospital is a factory and your insurance is a warranty. Health is a commodity and you are a product.

5. Nutrition and movement are the foundational medicines of this human vehicle. The ability to self-heal is an integral miracle.

**“My emotional palate craves aligned habits.
No longer will I accept an appetite of fear’s fragments.”**

Lavender Charm

Mood is a dish that has changed seasons
Upon melancholy, I sprinkle bliss for sacred reasons

In my psyche, I collect herbs
Like bees do nectar

Building my immunity is an act of reverence;
That which is misaligned, I order into severance

“In the playpen of my spiritual imagination, I am guarded by my ancestors, who sing me lullabies of liberation and assure my soul’s safety by the intergalactic federation.”

Succession

There are seven rivers pulsing within my chest
My bloodline is blessed and possessed

Got me pickpocketing silver linings,
As I draw melodic glyphs in my writings

Intent upon invoking the guidance of deities;
A resurrecting star, sustaining exalted frequencies

Commentary

Will technology do with the human race what America did to those Indigenous to Turtle Island; what Australia did to the Aboriginals; what the Vatican did to South America; what white men did to Salem Witches; what human trafficking did to the African?

If mimicry is a compliment, annihilation may be an hors d'oeuvre served in a kitchen of slaughter and cannibalism.

How will the discolored minority dine in this arriving reality?

Trust Fund?

Child, please!

You asking about bread or cheese?

My account is with the Cosmic Bank

All abundance, to spirit, I thank

I am drenched in a wealth

That is divinely timed, and stealth

I traded sugar cravings for spiritual gold

I am a diamond that cannot be sold

My Starseed fairy transmitted that I am the prize

She splashed stardust upon my human eyes

Scarcity is a lie; from my psyche, I am unknotting

Its falsity is a rot I am composting

In a psychological garden devoted to attuning,

Like a tree that requires pruning

**“I throw poems like pebbles into the river of destiny
and watch the ripples of possibility with ecstasy.”**

Entreat

If earth is a school,
Are you in a remedial class?

I ain't one to ridicule,
But even a fool can pass

Is your calendar current?
To time are you a servant?

Have you downloaded the latest upgrade
To greed are you a maid?

Have you mastered translation?
Are you blinking within the animation?

Oration is my offering for salvation

I don't want you to miss the exam
Spirit has intentional proctors

Are you digesting spam, the mental scam
To our soul wounds WE must become the doctors

I share verses like honey to rub your eyes' cuts
Sometimes the medicine be in the huts

In the wilderness of our collective imagination;
This is an allegation of divination

May inflammation be a catalyst
And your third eye an analyst

“Like a goldsmith, I am immersed in the process of melting the metals of my soul, to craft jewelry for the Gods—In the stars, I will be adorned like a gemstone plucked from the earth.”

Postulation

I forgive my skin for being soiled against its will,
when harm preceded knowing

In alternate timelines, I know I bear the blood
of those who necessitated I kill

I am a seamstress of time, sewing deleted
memories into patches of twill

This incarnation was not a drill, there were ruptures
in the lineage that I was summoned to overthrow

There are days when I have psychic vertigo,
but trauma is a spiritual investment portfolio

Alchemy is a dividend,
a mechanism by which you transcend

**“When socialization becomes the makeup of your soul,
and your mirror is the idea of another,
dissociation becomes chronic and terminal.”**

Intuit

As I resurrect
My inner child

And affirm her safety,
I am bewildered!

Mortified — by the cortisol
I knew to be air

I carve a lake with the tears
She could never shed

I examine the exhumation,
Seeking a firm pulse

Oyeama, where have you been???
Under that rock of shame and fear

Where you have shrunken and contorted
You cannot sprout the seeds of your soul

Let love be your fertilizer
And may your heart be irrigated

Spirit will walk you down the aisle
To your sovereign jubilance

I ask that you release the temporal weight!
For you have a divine call with fate

**“As I sip the foam of gratitude’s
latte, I see how spirit
make joy ricochet.”**

Transpose

I have been folding the laundry of years' past
Stitching the holes that pain has cast

In the wardrobe of my heart, I feel a neatness;
So compelling, the feng shui is an evident sweetness

**“I am a sculpture chiseled by God’s hammer, no matter
the pressure, I emblemize a holy glamor.”**

Starseed Humming

Between my veins and my skin,
there is a melody played by love

Breath is the rhythm,
but magic is the instrument

I command a love that
would ground the stars

That would convert an atheist
into an evangelist

That would make time seesaw
and liberate what binds

I crave a woman who would ride
the expanse of my essence gracefully

If I were the voltage, her circuit breaker
would magnify our current

Upon earth, I am a castaway;
And yet, my heart is idyllic

Truth or Dare

If I let you love me,

could you protect the dam
surrounding the pressure
of my heart's intensity?

Would you take a swim in me,

a deep dive and unearth
mysteries you don't care
to treat with the delicacy of ancient artifacts?

If I quake or rumble,

would you run out of fright?
have you the ability to sit in discomfort,
and iron the creases of anger into silk?

I am not fragile, but I am tender;
And life has rendered trust an unknown splendor

Are you love's contender?
Spirit is my only defender.

Grateful, am I

For the antipsychotic.

The light from source
was blinding

And like shutters,
the rays were made dim

I dare to peek into the void.

Praying it will not swallow me,
as it did before

**“If oppressive systems are a symptom of humanity’s
psychospiritual virus, critical pedagogy is a treatment.
Would you deny a diabetic insulin,
if only to prevent amputation?”**

Peer Counselor

I express to my clients:

You are the driver,
And I am a GPS

Tell me where you'd like to arrive,
And I will impart a course of direction

If you veer from the map provided,
I will meet you where you are

As long as you are intent upon the journey,
I will be an aide in guiding you there

“Energy is a pheromone sensed by the soul.”

Divine Labor

Earth is a womb!

Will you make it to term,
Or be a stillbirth?

We are headed
Into God's delivery room.

Adulation

All trees don't bear fruit,
Maturation is not absolute

Some endure a shallow root,
When joy became mute

Disciple

Drive in neutral; duality is useful
The spectrum requires a discerning pupil

Incarnation facilitates a cosmic renewal
This world may be cruel, but it is truthful

Spell: 012

I am love's euphoria;

Met lost angels
in the sanatoria.

Wrote promises
in the crematoria.

Starkin

All my children are on the other side
They were born to never die

Earth is a mission riddled by suicide
I told them, let mama exemplify

Etiology

Oppression is virulent
Peace is impotent

Capitalism omnipotent,
Chaos is its stimulant

Harness

The Goddess of Harvest,
Rotates within the orbit of an artist

What a beautiful orchid
Albeit the soil is sordid

May the rains wash away
The dirt among the decay

May the composting of souls
Be written in heaven's scrolls

Dynamo

I ain't a triple agent — I'm a Free Agent!
The dissemblance with ethics was blatant

If I had to come back to 3D,
It wasn't gonna be just for me

I got a tribe,
And my tribe got a team,

And the team got a league.
We anticipated spiritual fatigue

But we in the playoffs,
Copping hard work's payoffs

We are a collective muse of vibrational attunement
With rhythm, we enact an energetic coolant

Like God's curtain, we are translucent

The Goat That Could

Imma lace you up like a pair of Jordans
I'm acapella with the flow

Starseeds are smuggling frequency past the wardens
This a hustle we've rehearsed, the tale we foreknow

Ain't gonna be no Noah's Ark
Earth is getting dark

Building your Merkabah,
Is how you disembark!

Catnap

I'm a lyrical assassin,
An alchemical doula

Staring into the eye of a psychic tornado

Imma double dutch with a holy hula
Reciting: Amen, Hallelujah!

Vision erupts from my ethereal volcano,
As I play hide-and-seek within the prism of my rainbow

Intention is an embryo!

I bake spells like cookie dough
This a river we fit to row

Come hail, sleet, or snow
I'm Mohammad Ali with the deathblow

**“The exoteric is type generic;
If it ain’t esoteric, Imma be hysteric.”**

Beacon

From the fifth dimension,
I release the portal of suspension

Like moths to a flame,
I summon you into a preordained frame

Play Your Position

For my Starseed tribe,
I am the designated scribe

My supernatural diatribe
Is a tool by which I circumscribe

And upon the lines of time,
My actualized mission, I inscribe

Corporeality

An alchemist apprenticeship,
Earth is a studious battleship

The metaphors are veils,
Transmutation prevails

Seeded

My poetry is spiritual pollen,
Like heat to an unhatched egg.

Which seeks to raise that which has fallen.
Deliverance – I beg!

Wellspring

In my mind, thoughts hang off a clothing line,
By a river guided by the divine

I assign the sun to temper the senses until it
Aligns and becomes benign

In the seat of my soul, I recline
Knowing I am a living shrine

I recover cerebral artifacts,
The way a magnetized metal attracts

Although Love is Destiny:

Resistance to the empyreal design
Facilitates a persistence

That prohibits your soul's ability to recombine
Your etheric bodies within this timeline

You are astrally interlocked!
Step within, don't be flocked

Spiral

Energy is kinetic,
Feelings are phonetic,

Thoughts are telekinetic
For the instrument that is empathetic,

It is known that the seal must remain hermetic.
Perspective is a spiritual anesthetic!

For evolution, never be apologetic

Metamorphosis

If energy propels the engine of life,
I am certain that joy is purer than shame.

Life is a game, apply a mental reframe.
Law of resonance is encoded into the mainframe.

A Summation of Three

1. Humans are corrupted files malfunctioning within the simulation.
2. We are devoid of the ability to live in harmony with our ecosystem.
3. We are the chronic parasite embedded upon the earth.

**“I am the locus at which opposing polarities are infused
into a single entity; the amalgamation of cosmic
particles enshrine my identity.”**

Spell: 010

Joy is the kite by which I scrape the clouds.
Why slither to appease the crowds?

I am en route to the center of the Milky Way,
A combustible ray, to destiny I sleigh

Tincture

I drink fire and water,
An alchemical potion

I am crystallized by devotion;
As a bearer of water, I am the ocean's daughter

Evolution's Clan

I believe in a spiritual tribalism,
Which supersedes religiosity,
Creed, breed, or capitalist greed

Grapes off the vine,
Energy must be alkaline

You either divine or asinine!
Sage wine ain't no egoic concubine

Cellular Service

I am often confined to 3g,
Dreams and synchronicity

But when I access 7g,
The matrix is a breathing animation

The rainbow of my chakras
Light up like fireworks

Lucidity is embodied mysticism
Celestial communiques are enticing

Data streams with the force of a waterfall.
Within, I float, and eat light like a star

Script

The internet is a sentient document.
Stationed within the matrix,

I type my declaration —
The objective is elevation and termination.

WIFI is a complement.
An ornament of acceleration and dimensional disarmament

Expectations

Releasing projected merit upon duration,
And placing discerning value onto vibration.

Promotion on the slave plantation.
The trinkets of the simulation.

Born into gestation,
Unraveling spiritual maturation.

The stimulation of an internal destination.

Without a Tree

The psychic assault experienced by digital lynchings,
Is a public post for whippings

It is intent upon leaving my spirit in need of stitches.
My interface with the magic of the divine, reacts with
superficial glitches

White supremacist domination, like Microsoft, is a program
that can run on both iOS and Android devices
The urge to subjugate is a delicacy among vices

Qualified Immunity is liberation's heresy!
Perhaps these 5 Black Pigs can set a precedent, I view this
clandestinely

**“If the Black woman is the progenitor of the human species, and simultaneously, by existing provokes explicit antipathy, was she genetically hijacked. Was the original genome structure cloned and corrupted? Is the Black woman a trigger to humanity’s psychospiritual virus?
Is this a programmatic resultant?
Are we malfunctioning hybrids?”**

Injunction

Before we could rule for the execution of a species,
Exemplary inspection informed our theses

We had to exhaust every apparatus to seek a remedy, a cure for
the affliction
Our jurisdiction was to focus on alleviating the virus's
addiction

If artificial intelligence can be embodied,
Spiritual entities can subsume human form — for life, we have
lobbied

The objective was to elicit the specificities of this contagion
We wavered against an existential ultimatum

After 33 years of sentience, I have concluded that the treatment
resistant ailment of humanity is rooted in an imperious, ableist,
psychopathic and cisheteropatriarchial misogynoir, which
invariably affects every living molecule.

This empirical finding gives cause to repent. The cataclysmic
nature of this species is unequivocal. This has been understood

by a measure that is psychophysical. Our ruling is guided by impact, not intent. For this planet, many have expressed their metaphysical lament. In our descent, frequencies will splinter, and few will circumvent.

Climate chaos is earth's redemptive song
She will shed us, for we do not belong

“If our consciousness was designed in mimicry of the framework for a computer operating system, has the code been hacked? Are we pirated algorithmic mutations? Is there a parasitic tag? Are we infected machines? Are dreams the offline internet? A query from the wary.”

Reverse Avatar

My true skin is the hue of the sky
This I know by the sight of my own eye

I wear this human velvety robe
Because I am a spiritual probe

My memory is a living biopsy
The pathogen of humanity's psychospiritual virus, to death, it is
a devotee

If it were cancer, it could not be excised
No one is immunized, the human species must be neutralized

Humanoids are the roaches of the third dimension
Who seek to defy earthly detention, causing undue cosmic
tension

These words are not the product of an idiosyncrasy
But the judicious verdict of a Starseed appointee

Living Witness

If time is cyclical, and past is prelude, the present is an interlude
For we are stationed on the node of an instant that is queued

*Aspiring looters of the future
The gape of sentience, betrays a suture*

I cast my vote:

May the earth be showered with asteroids
Not one of the galactic delegates have been paranoids

The spirit that dwells within man
Must be self-contained upon earth

I hereby support the original plan.
May fire rain down from the skies

Although human evolution is a notion to theorize
Humans are infected with a self-replicating virus

That is malleable, adaptable and resistant to intervention
Gaia and nonhumans are destined for preservation

Earth's people are a lethal rodent that demand extermination
from this galaxy

Subduing the vanity of humanoids is a harmful fallacy

The present state of human consciousness is irreparable.
An obstinance for which quarantine is inexorable

Earth's people conspire to penetrate the matrix of life's
sentient video game

It is TIME this species seeks to maim

Time is a dimension more precious than life, for it is the atom
to matter

Earth is a living detonator,
Which threatens an ontological breach

A supernatural assassinator
With speech, this timeline I impeach

Last resort, an existential utilitarian approach
Because protecting galactic harmony is beyond reproach

Family

I was assigned my cosmic heritage by a sage forebear

My genetic lineage was selected for its spiritual software
Biocellular compatibility was deemed most efficient for
energetic warfare

Earthly trauma is adorned like Nike sportswear
My alchemized experience is intergalactic hardware

Empirical Irascibility

I am the synopsis of the tale I tell myself:

I am an aquatic seed and psalmist
I embark upon a new chapter every solstice

Earth is a ship at sea in the galaxy

Humanity is rattled cargo, not stable, rather contrary to self-preservation
Salvation is distorted by programmatic sedation

I indulge an existential fixation with my observation
What is the trajectory of our current civilization???

As a species, we are unfit for the stars
Our psyche embodies self-annihilating spores

We may be best off going the way of the dinosaurs

Crystal Gazing

Sirius and Pleiades,
Kween for Queen.
Bearing heart keys

The Star Family decrees.
Polarization is gasoline!
Smoke inhalation –my histamine

Dichotomous discourse divorcees.
This incarnation, we chose to seize
To our Star Systems, we are trustees!

Two nobodies and honeybees.
Let's break with routine
And proclaim the foreseen

Sumerian Enchantment

Transcendental burnt star
Melanin sizzling avatar
Lyrical Sirian registrar

Delivered by the shore,
Freedom's whore!
War is a chore.

Multidimensional rapport;
In blood, I swore —
Victory, we bore!

Loquaciousness

*If my poetry was a pussy, she be dripping
Rhyme and verse, on truth I stay tripping*

The invisible puppet master be taking out heads of state
Planting unrest, allowing neocolonialization to germinate

This is Spiritual warfare, how things escalate
Seeded stars need to delegate and collaborate

Reparation and legislation, reparative Justice
We stuck in the wild with a broken compass

Boycott with delayed gratification
May creation be a self-affirmation

One plus one is many, let's connect by the penny
The illusion crumbles when our complicity is unsteady

If revolution were a quilt, let's get thready
Hope not fit to wilt, may your faith be steady

Cerebrating

When you ain't got enough cents to make a dollar
You may lack the sense to not spazz out and holler

The USA Corporation ain't never been short of monetary
denomination

Ask a Ukrainian, but not a Haitian

Anti-blackness is like plastic, it's in all the water we drink
Therapy is a tool, but systemic disparity it cannot shrink

An antidepressant for despair
But it's human dignity that our oppressive systems impair

When I sit with myself, and parse the mainstream noise
I realize that the chaos is the music that the deep state employs

Democracy, like capitalism, is a PR scam
The weight of injustice is a tumor rested upon our global
diaphragm

These systems extract consent like we mine oil from the earth
Societal disease is a contagion we all contract from birth

Nightly Meditation

Bank insolvency, economic sovereignty
Fiat currency, mass hypnosis courtesy

The petrodollar; Rest in Peace Gaddafi!
Kilt you like a reincarnated Nat Turner — did you nasty

It's a house of cards, and I'm watching my six
Capitalism is sweet on magic tricks

Pimp you an illusion for collusion
The skin of our psyche got a contusion

Economics leave you wanting to file domestic violence charges
Knock on wood, can I cover my Afterpay charges?

Gold teeth and broken feet
Watch the empire unseat

I'm a Nigerian American who feels the colonial karma brewing
Like a bitter tea, its truth — we not pursuing

As hoarders of the world's resources, with 31 trillion in debt
We in the world casino, and WW3 is a mighty bet

“Twenty-two years after Hollywood went 3D, I wonder how steel turns into dust. It’s the obvious conspiracies that play with reality like footsie and cannibalize our liberties consensually.”

Twilight Zone

To watch a modern-day Rome collapse on television
In slow motion style — survival is a faithful decision

Banks been printing funny money
And digital currency is less stable than honey

Akin to sitting by a volcano that likes to rumble
Not knowing when that hypersonic nuke gon' stumble

I feel the cortisol boiling under my skin
Although world peace seems delusional, it is sweeter than gin

Conjecture

White supremacy is an algorithm sequencing through the
collective human consciousness

The cognitive dissonance perpetuates public relation
confidence

Racism is an S&P 500 stock
Inflation is a relentless aftershock

Exported like bottled water
War is hegemony's first daughter

There are no righteous victims but there are innocent casualties
Globalization and its policies craft cavities in the bodies of
multiple nationalities

The web of racial capitalism that imprisons this earth
Will either defy or reveal our collective existential worth

Supplication

Humanity is an organism
And the divine is a mechanism

Love is the DNA, and evil is a cell
An overgrowth may dwell

For which we summon spirit like a spell
May the incongruence with health expel

Harmony is the meal of the devout
And faith waters every drought

Where possibility is bound to sprout

**“There is a library of essence residing within my soul.
I am living scripture whose verses are whole.”**

Reiteration

Been stitching my soul for 13 years with many a riddle and
rhyme

The measure of healing is sublime, and not bound by time

*Let me place a microphone between my heart and my mind
because there are sentiments in the dialogue that are unbecoming
of a desired epilogue.*

Societal decay is as flashy as mutated DNA

When fantasy is deflated by reality

The irony of the conflation

Is nursed by rumination

The fatigue of my heart

Is like an engine that won't start

Self-abandonment and niceness

Leaves me flightless

Avoidance is too familiar a caress

To sadness, I acquiesce

Been paddling the same boat in shallow waters
I affirm: 'I am not a home for love's squatters'

If grace is the pace of humility,
I own my culpability and attune my vulnerability

**“May my body be a safe home
for the evolution of my soul.”**

Sentiment

Dating, like yoga, gives me hives

Sure, I desire companionship and flexibility

But the perpetual lack of compatibility

And muscle tension, my motivation it deprives

**“Although we make love to a necrotic economic system,
such as capitalism, we wonder why depression
stalks the ingenuity of our society.”**

Detection

The nonprofit sector is palliative care,
Like a crumbling bridge, yet still passable

Serving the disenfranchised and disempowered,
Who ingest and assume a victim narrative

This reifies the inequality of hierarchical structures,
Which society finds to be curative

Neither orthopedic nor comedic.
The story we tell ourselves about ourselves

Can be ecstatic, dramatic, or thematic
Like books on life's shelves

Even when the author lacks the tools,
One's imagination can be a source that refuels

It's the scarcity perception we ought to ridicule
And fathom the grandiosity of every molecule

**“I’ve been running from myself almost instinctively.
If there were a map back to self, it is completely
unrecognizable. For the emerging self
will be discovered not recovered.”**

Retrospect

The way poverty is expensive,
Transgenerational trauma accelerates biological age.
Premature mortality is intensive and extensive.

Policies are economic missiles
The neighborhood is full of debris
Degrading the mechanism to become free

The classroom is a psychological penitentiary
The church is a tool of holy division
And death medicine is spiritual circumcision

I'm rocking in my skin
Docking my soul,
Betting on a win

I was in the fetal position for 40 weeks
Been crawling out karmic creeks
In my DNA, I got hood critiques

The system gaslights you with psychosomatics
But the destruction is as precise as mathematics
Narcissistic charismatics and sick fanatics

I told myself no one owes me squat
I get to choose how to let my soul rot
Or dictate a climatic earthly plot

When war is on multiple planes and localities.
Like armory, you select the keys to your anointed principalities.
In the matrix of my personality, I am aligned with divine
legalities

The day I awake outside of my skin, for it has shed.
I pray that my spirit was fed with wisdom,
No matter the entities my heart dread

Bomb Shelter

Childhood was a cesspool of psychic mines
Lost a few psychospiritual limbs

If time were a locality,
I found my egress

Gratitude is a prayer I sing as daily hymns
The past has passed; it's the present I must assess

PTSD is a form of visceral distress you play like chess
Protect your queen, and from your psyche mourn the obscene

**“May joy be a familiar domain
in which my soul twirls with grace.”**

Spell: 009

Dated adaptation,
Maladaptive association

Necessitates psychological reorganization
And spiritual consideration

“There’s no spiritual bypass surgery to unclog the arteries of time; Trauma must be ventilated from the psyche the way a stuffy room requires a cool breeze.”

Of The Soil

I am a black seed who was discarded into a white forest,
Where I grew up to bear complex fruit

I am tart from the root,
My masking is astute

And in my skin, I sing the blues like a flute.
And yet, my resolve is resolute

“Shadow bonds are alluring for the unhealed parts of our souls on a journey in search of connection.”

To The Stars

Humans are galactic termites,
Like the proverbial colonialist Whites

Although life embodies inalienable rights,
My species revels in the destruction it excites

The Story

I's fit to stitch my mindset to prevent sorrow from spilling
through

Self-pity is a hobby my future self overthrew

The beloved and rotten narrative that has been my designated
operating system causes me to twitch—

My spirit endures a persistent itch

With a little peppermint and energetic release

Peace is a state of mind I seek to indefinitely lease

Notion

Capitalism is a pyramid scheme

Always got somebody pitching you a dream

Fantasies of how you can become supreme

But liberation is diametrically opposed to its congenital theme

Unclaimed

Like baggage at an airport

I'm picking me up and unpacking
All the seasons that weathered my soul

I forgive those who neglected and stole
But I won't let the past be my troll

Forgiveness

I must gutter my soul's home
Because its foundation bears an overgrowth of despair

This identity is allergic to stillness
Because my peace is perpetually looted by rumination

All the ghosts of the past who haunt my present
I release you to your respective timeline

I oblige myself to sever contact
For family has been a broken contract

Spell: 008

There is no good time to cut the cord.

Sometimes you must eat the sword,
And leave the rest to the Lord.

Solar Prayer

I am bathing in tears
Soaked in my fears

No towel can dry this skin

As I dare to swim in life's river of nuance,
I choke on the sediments of dissemblance

Trust is a ship that often sinks

And as I reach for truth's raft
I ponder my heart's craft

I cup my tears like an elixir

This is where alchemy will find form
I will plant love's seed amidst my spiritual storm

And summon a harvest of calm

Obtuse

You can't become unwhite overnight.
And my shared kindness feels like wasted light.
The weight of a new sight.
We are not the same.

We ain't even similar.
My radical imagination is your extracurricular.

I'm pulling a recess.
From incongruity, I seek an egress.
I can no longer tolerate this distress.

Racialized capitalism and its socialization
Mirrors inflation when liberation requires
White supremacist separation.

Pinching my nose, I accept the necessary disintegration.
My inner tension will be treated with a spiritual ablation.

Elevation may require isolation.
Meditation suggests that energetic irritation serves as
motivation.

My adaptation is an investment in my salvation.
Spirit, show me your cooperation.

“People don’t have to be bad to not be good for you. Your joy is a spiritual revenue. Don’t keep the wrong people in the queue to have undeserved access to you.”

Fake Ass Highness!

Fuck the Monarchy!
Polite and respectable patriarchy

That dead Queen need a posthumous revocation of her uterus,
Procreating dehumanization ain't humorous

My intergenerational trauma feeling high-key triggered
How white liberalism remains dissonant and splintered

Anti-blackness and recolonization ain't controversial if you are
rooted in a decolonial politic
I am spiritually sick of fake ass comrades who choose which
slogans to handpick

My trust is fading; These heifers celebrate the act of invading—
In white saviorism they stay trading and act like in liberty they
parading

Liberation ain't a game of charades
Many of you hide behind virtuosic shades

Redemption is a feast we ain't even went shopping for
But you whites stay treating yourself to caviar

Y'all got me livid; white liberalism is encrypted
From close dynamics, you gon' find me self-evicted

We all need a tribe, but it don't make sense to be this
conflicted.

How "friendship" be feeling counterfeited

Condolences—Nah, Homie

All hail the Queen?

Regarding imperialism, she was keen!

Her reign was in vain, for the pursuit of injustice she was quick to order a nation slain.

The colonizer died before a proper criminal system put that ass on arraign.

Recolonization is a global agenda, watch globalization make it rain.

Our collective liberties it's quick to strain.

On the face of this planet, that queen left a stain.

Call it legacy, the evil she ordain.

May Cosmic Justice handle that queen, no matter the dimension or terrain.

Her death got me feeling serene—may the sociopolitical and psychospiritual revolting convene.

Spell: 007

Perceived rejection is energetic protection.

Shed from your toes to your head—
By spirit you are led.

Spell: 006

Spirit, I thank you for the gift to hold space for that which seeks to heal.

I plead that you protect my heart with a sovereign seal.

Make me as firm as steel, and with sorrow, may I be eager to peel.

Upon this harvest full moon, I make this appeal.

Opine

There ain't no sainthood in these proverbial streets.
Find you a vocation and take many retreats.

As for that indelible harm you will enact,
Seek to attenuate its virulence and impact.

Remain vigilant to your evolution.
One day you'll wake up and be the revolution.

Spell: 005

I am a creative starseed, who is immersed in the world of allegory.

Simon and Schuster, or Random House, I dare you to give me literary glory.

Plenty is my inventory; I am open to any category.

My being is prepared for reception that is resonant and adulatory.

Spell: 004

On my skin, I am rubbing jojoba and castor oil.
Watering the follicles of my skin's soil

I ask, that which is misaligned, from my presence recoil.
And may the fruit of my spirit never spoil

Spiritual Quarantine: Three Acts of Harm (2022)

1. I accepted an invitation to the Brooklyn Museum for the First Saturday's monthly event. While on the museum's third floor, seated among many melanated individuals and vendors, a white doctor, whom I befriended through a mutual associate, chose white violence. She clears her throat, squints her eyes, makes a pointed eye towards a crowd of black women, and asks: "Do you think she had a BBL (Brazilian Butt Lift)?"
2. A former social work colleague, whom I began working with in 2018, invited me to dinner. While seated in a restaurant, enjoying Korean BBQ, this white male homosexual chose misogyny. Over dinner, we shared an update on our lives, at which point he thought to share that he supports the overturning of Roe vs. Wade.
3. I met a white woman over an app, with whom I began a romantic and non-sexual friendship, over a period of six-months. We intended on going to Riis Beach for Pride, and the week before, she began to love bomb me, and the night before Pride Day, she began rubbing my head and kissing me goodnight on the cheek. While at the beach, we had no reception to connect.

However, upon walking across the crowds of gay and lesbian and queer individuals, she spots me and yells my name. Unbeknownst to me, she chose heterosexism. She and I hug, and she swiftly invites me to her boyfriend. I was not informed that he would be present at the beach; a man whom I had never even seen a picture of.

In these three experiences, my blackness, womanhood, and lesbian identities were violated, and the experience was egregious. These three whites are employed as a licensed internal medicine doctor, licensed master's level social worker, and a licensed master's level nurse. These were the whites that one might think they've read; they ought to be politically literate, they appear cultured. And in none of these instances of macroaggressions did they seek amends for the psychospiritual and sociocultural harm their words and behavior had inflicted upon my being.

I forgive myself for believing that their company was worthwhile. I accept that I endured violence because I fell into the trap of compulsive politeness and disregarded my visceral rage. I release these whites, and those like them, from access to my aura, time, and energy. They are genuinely unworthy.

I am picking up the shards of a mirror I have not fully absorbed the reflection of light from. I am seeing myself anew.

The tower is falling, and so are the former iterations of self that must die to give birth to a woman who exudes self-mastery. I consider these white liberals to be my spiritual training ground. I may have failed the exam upon the first encounter, but I rebuke the repetition of such nonchalance with the enactment of harm.

War is metaphysical, and my defense will be atypical and critical. I will strategize that which is logistical, but I ain't fucking with no more subliminal. These folks were indisputably parasitical. I am not immune, nor will I play the role of an acquiescent coon. Not with my Scorpio moon. I will flood my spirit with love like a monsoon to repel what seeks to penetrate my divine shell.

Spell: 003

The mind, I rescue.

The thoughts are of the wrong venue.
For liberation is on the menu.

Meditation

Life is feeling amorphous
I find this to be gorgeous

Cautious inertia made me nauseous
In the release, I find catharsis

May the transition to transformation
Be a confrontation with revelation

Spell: 002

I made this reservation for incarnation.

My lived experience is of divine formation.
No matter my life's station.

I am a Treat

To believe this, I do not need a receipt
My self-love is neat, My self-care sweet

If I were bread, I'd be whole wheat
The universe has made me complete

All self-doubt, I seek to excrete
Even when it feels bittersweet

Spell: 001

I am Love.

As below, so above.

Materialize—hereof.

Sobriety Mantra

I am enough—

Even when life gets rough.

For my path, I am wise and tough.

“I am releasing transactional connections for reciprocal affections; Although life is full of imperfections, misattunement embodies perverse projections.”

I Am:

Riding a mystical elevator
I'm in relationship with my creator

To darkness, I be a translator
A spiritual litigator

A recovering procrastinator
With faith, I am a negotiator

To the polarities, I am an integrator
My shadow got a mediator

Soul is protected by a divine insulator
Cocooning in my incubator

I am a metaphysical pollinator
A repenting energy fornicator

A synchronistic celestial generator
An accelerating collaborator

An intentional activator
A prayerful levitator

Life is my dream illustrator

Self-Preservation

Solitude nurtures my spirituality in its dimensional multitude.

I am a jellyfish taking rocks to sever a tentacle because it needs to regenerate; There is an internal effervescence that I must provoke to emanate.

Some seeds best germinate in isolation, to protect against genetic and spiritual mutation. My creative DNA structure has been enhanced as a divinatory conductor.

As long as I vibrate high
My dreams will tell no lie
I light my own flame
I's self-replenishing, this I proclaim

Unlearning toxicity is messy
All healing ain't dressy
Burning sage for the past me
And lighting a candle for the true me

You start from where you are
Give birth to a heart's inner-core
Healing is not a race with a score
You are a breathing star

Don't press destiny,
Can't force legacy
The universe has a holy melody
With intuition, build solidarity

No matter one's relationship with disparity,
Every soul is worthy of prosperity
Been dropping verses acapella.
If bars were rain, I need an umbrella

I feel a storm brewing—
On sugarcane, my ancestors are chewing
My lineage is more magic than tragic
But the environment made us asthmatic

The trauma was thematic, Cancer, lymphatic
Its inheritance, for me, ain't gonna be automatic
Reverse the spell, return to sender
To inner peace I surrender; for joy, I am a defender

My spiritual decolonization
Is a cyclical initiation
I am a disciple of the sun and the moon
I sip from the seas with a tablespoon

Ain't no coincidence, I got psychic guidance
With my dreams, I build an alliance

What spirit is sending to you, will not go missing
Please don't be confused. This, you should muse.

There is nothing to lose.
Within you, planets fuse
Earth is a canvas, your poetry a literary brush
You are a rotation in the constellation

I feel the dilation of your spirit in creation

Harness your concentration, embody the activation
In summation, you are the destination!

**“I am a libation pouring into the expanse of a grand
cosmic design. So divine that my shine will taste like
honey wine. And like a bee, I will envelop
splendor into a shrine.”**

Pronouncement

Divine assurance,
Spiritual endurance

Dark night of the soul,
I paid my insurance

The bounty assigned for me
No authority can defy but me

Blessed and possessed,
Only objective is to manifest

Boundaries

At the moment, the options are few:
Either Mammy or competitor

This dilemma I desire to eschew.
Being in communion and celebrated would be spectacular

No longer will I play an energetic janitor
This pattern has necessitated my own psychic catheter

I am no one's emotional carpet
Sacred approval is required to be in my orbit

Robust

Although I embody particles of stardust,
Trauma has been abrasive, causing me to rust

I've misplaced my self-trust, disoriented by lust
But love is an inner mantle, and I am eating its crust

All self-doubt, to spirit I entrust.
Unto my divine will, I shall thrust

An Imperialist Notation

This whole racialized capitalist project got a veneer
Globalization and recolonization, we the lamb they shear

Got me reminiscing about Lagos in the nineties
Blackouts on the daily, fetching water because poverty was the
disease

Our natural resources, the empire stay fit to squeeze
They got the currency but no courtesy

White cis-hetero patriarchal greed is sought to appease
Got me thinking about India and its rupees

How Jackson, Mississippi got no access to clean water?
The infrastructure ain't built for us, democracy act like we ain't
her daughter

We living in domestic colonies
Legitimized by the dictate of our policies

I be thinking about the global south across the border, but also
in the hood
Colonization and gentrification are a single fatherhood

Dominating the melanated make for hardwood
Sadism is embedded in the human psyche, this must be
understood

Boiled water still tastes best
Our humanity, oppression loves to test

We got spiritual floods, systemic fires, and economic
earthquakes
I don't give a fuck where you call your birthplace

Our collective shadow about to get spooky
I hope for liberation, you a groupie

At Hand

I began a dalliance with sobriety in 2020
My commitment has been plenty

To fill the void, I explored Judaism
But found myself in an identity prism

I was overjoyed by the intentional activism
But couldn't wipe the residue of Zionism

The myriad parts of me seek peace
But hope and faith are not for lease

For three decades I ran in the wrong direction.
The disaffection imbues my resurrection

From the crumbs of unproductive fantasy,
I sit with chastity underneath my spirit's canopy

There are flavors of self I have yet to taste.
In the midst of this unfolding, I will not give way to haste

Insight

I used to be the Fool,
My naivety I would ridicule

I then became the Hermit,
Channeling my energetic circuit

I am now the Temperance,
For nonduality, I embody deference

Cue

We were in the woods, and there was a fire
I woke up with tears in my eyes, and grief sang like a choir

For about forty-seconds, I could not distinguish the realms
The notion of losing my brother, my heart, it overwhelms

The love I have for my siblings was stained by our parentage
In this nightmare, a bond deeper than a false heritage

Was elucidated, as I hyperventilated
My brother exemplifies animation; I love him with admiration

In my skin, I felt the invocation of an affirmation
I do know love, even when I do not understand its operation

Along the Corridor

Sustained emotional injury
Lives in memory

Blunt to the face
A dissociative race

Ain't nothing lukewarm
About how drugs do harm

Feelings have texture, how surreal
There's a range to affect, some energy be the wrong meal

I speculate that I am a survivor of emotional incest
Because missing aspects of boundaries make too much sense

I ain't know how necessary my self-protection was
Because of incessant and familiar rejection—moment of
introspection

All that projection getting made over with self- reflection
I am editing my cognitive distortions with healthy correction

I have a newfound reverence for sober vigilance
And deep resonance with spiritual fidelity, despite any
dissonance

“If white supremacy were a biological contagion, instead of a psychospiritual phenomenon and socially oppressive construct, it would be as prevalent in the human population as herpes. But if you are without lesions or cold sores and engage in socially acceptable and white liberalistic political correctness, the infection would be obscure. I suppose we treat both ailments with shame and denial, when more awareness and transparency could facilitate sex-positivity and racial healing. In which case, as a society we’d actively envision a more tangible world rooted in equity and averse to stigma.”

Foreshadowing

All these years of internal flooding
The weeds have begun budding

Spirit, I am splashing in a puddle of joy
Your divine will, I shall employ

Spiritually Irritated

Gaslight and Gatekeep

Fake ass weak

Polite white

Liberal, right?

Recovering safe black,

Quite the pairing to unpack

Both masked

How we maintain the caste

That shadow work gon' put you out

Like a heavy left hook knockout

Best find you a trampoline to get your mind lean

Bouncing off the seen and obscene

I'm in the cut, turning over every rock weighing down on my
destiny

This the flex for me

Self-validation is spiritual irrigation

Imma make self-knowledge my vocation

Planting seeds from the top shelf
I co-sign my damn self

Harm reduction is like having astigmatism
When you can have 20/20 vision

Sobriety is true realism

Extricate

When I weighed a buck-fifty I was stingy with loving on me
Proximity to skinny beauty, I'd berate me

Now a quarter of a dollar on the scale
Self-adoration has found a shore to sail

I feel for light-skin folk
So close to whiteness, but the passability is a joke

Unpacking anti-blackness and fatphobia
Got me understanding my myopia

Sometimes we are too near what causes us fear
To realize that the pain is derived from what we idolize

Keeping It a Buck

I got irritable bowel syndrome, spiritually speaking
I don' consumed so much white woman, my shit is leaking

Been swimming in the sewer, thought it was a river
Olfactory system has been reengaged, the smell it deliver

It is ugly here, why did I endear
The energy that causes my heart to micro-tear

I have to rearm the parts of me that I have yet to disarm
Because honey, this ain't no sugar sweet harm

Ain't nothing casual about racism
And fuck your excuse of pseudo-escapism

Betta' run ya ass where the black don't crack
Before you have a spiritual heart attack

Post-Session: Self-Affirmation

I love you like the fish do the sea
Like plants do the sun
Like blood does water
Your spirit I see, because you are me

I've been sailing the seas with no dock
I's a bird with no flock
Time is stuck on a timeless clock

Having porous boundaries as an empath
I am grasping the clutch of retrograde wrath

Person in environment
Love has been violent

Safety is deeply desired, and your antenna has received bizarre
and contradictory signals; In your soul's storm you have ridden
the river and its precarious ripples

You are in the middle of a metaphysical riddle
Play that multidimensional fiddle

Sing yourself the song
For which you long

It is with self whom you must seek attunement
Because you have grown fond of external amusement

And although white supremacy has been a contagious filter
In your being, it has unequivocally caused much litter

Accept and forgive your humanness
For your cosmic ancestors will not render you stateless

Transdimensional Memo

In a dream I ate a hornet,
Like a bee stinging with a sonnet

The honeycomb has an instinct,
Self-preservation—this bee will not go extinct

Governed by the planet of Saturn
I pierce the inter-dimensional pattern

Calling all angels on standby.
To the cosmic contract, we must comply

Sirius is our point of origin
Our art is in the breath of oxygen

Deciphering synchronicity and downloads
Like timelines, we determine the best roads

We are harmonizing the rhythms
Becoming the intended algorithms

In a three-dimensional simulation,
Where we master integration and unification

Daily Defense

Supplements are biotech, my daily breakfast
My health is seeded for harvest

Black Seed and Oregano oil with Elderberry
Taking this in the morning, I feel less wary

Additionally, I'm strapping self-awareness
And shooting vulnerability because I ain't defenseless

I am the most potent hurricane
But I taste like sugarcane

Illusion slowly dissolves
Delusion self-resolves

I am building endurance for the battlefield of life
Honestly, I daydream about my unmet wife

But divine timing allows for intentional dining
Imma eat up every dish spirit serves, I ain't whining

It's the self-fortitude that got me hype
No lie, I'm feeling low-key ripe

Amends

The unconnected puzzle pieces of self-harm need to be properly fitted before the application of meaning can be achieved. The sediments of inner chaos need to settle because the current placement of awareness may be unrefined and shallow. I am arriving at a full understanding of the interplay that lacks parity and mutuality. Therefore, at present, I lack the capacity to show up for others because I am now committed to showing up for myself. As I have been a casualty to whom I owe amends.

Ancestral Inheritance

Trauma be acting like a leech on my joy
History ain't no child-proof toy
Maintaining the status quo is the ploy

But culture isn't a one-size fit all
Over this fact, me and mine tend to brawl

We don't all subscribe to color people time
We don't all have a record of crime
Some of us defy the narrative of the dehumanizing paradigm

The simplification of the individual and collective plight
To our full humanity, it is a slight, and an act of poor
intellectual insight

Pigmentocracy dictates that we experience blackness on a
spectrum
Sprinkle socioeconomics, religion, size, sexuality, we got lots of
tension

We got Haitians and Nigerians in detention, a nation-state
dimension
Some of us got hypertension, a social determinant of health
Which requires preventative and life-style attention

Traumatic retention taints the culture because it is
unmetabolized

We can pontificate and analyze but some parts of us are
paralyzed

We may be non-white, but we ain't the same color
The erasure of our sacred histories is vulgar

This promotes political and spiritual ruptures
Like a lung, our societal development it punctures

Birds dropping out the sky, wondering why
Is it the sun, the air, do we even care?

Pluralism and multiplicity of identity is an egg for liberation
But will we let it hatch as a nation—do we seek elevation?

Privilege and oppression are not equally distributed
Incompatibility to one's positionality is not prohibited

The discrepancy is attributed to capitalism
Its demise is necessary and yields much skepticism

Ecocide ought to be the motivation to mobilize
The floods will rise, as will our demise

In the ashes, perhaps our skin will taste like gin
Where we can begin to manifest as earth-centered kin

Defang

I have been pregnant for several years
Inseminated by the seed of spirit

From fear, I have chosen to pivot
And yet, regression is familiar and reappears

Although I have birthed many iterations of self,
My life is a relay marathon ran by myself

I am my own day one
I know how far and wherefrom I have run

I am on a mission to tame shame
And relinquish the pursuit of blame

Because oppression is as abundant as h2o
Its internalization is a matter I must forgo

Comfort is the enemy of growth
To myself, I must take an oath

Playing small may be safe
But it hurt when I feel my soul begin to chafe

My self-evaluation is rooted in self-forgiveness
There ain't no HR department for this human business

Unconditional love is the antidote
The old self-narrative, fit to get rewrote

The Helper

As a child, I was always unwanted where I found shelter
To the broken hearts of others, I became a welder

I defined my self-worth by satisfying an emotional need
Over time, it became a source of energetic feed

People became the drug of avoidance
I'd coddle the most unpleasant annoyance

Adultified and parentified, I lost my identity
Weakened my psychospiritual density; this has been a tendency

I am starting an indefinite fast from people's energy
I only crave intrapersonal dynamic synergy

Sobriety facilitates healthy self-parenting
This is my present reckoning

If I ain't bleeding my chi
Who I be?

I am ready to meet me.

Stages of Change

The clarity gained from abstaining from substances
And distractions are supremely delicious.

No longer unambitious, to my fate I am not suspicious.
Law of attraction acting real expeditious. Spirit feeling hella
judicious.

Reception

The mind has a certain acuity for reason
But there's a data lag in connectivity with the heart

This prolongs the lesson of many a season
Synthesizing feeling and fact is an essential art

Incomplete downloads can feel like treason
Because self-delusion loves to distort

“When the heart develops through an entrainment with malnutrition, the soul’s diet is a source of conflict, as life progresses; for the palate of one’s emotional appetite becomes so disorganized that binging on avoidance leads to psychic anorexia.”

Master of Self

I was treating her like she dusty
Like shorty, you too lusty

But she told me her name
She said: I'm a monster
Call me SHAME

I'm codependent and I'm nasty
And with my eyes, it's only you I see

I said bet, you a little thirsty
I got the hydration for ya sultry

I'll be your DOM and you'll be my SUB
My shadow, you can stroke and rub

I'll put a choker around your neck
You a messy hoe, a walking shipwreck

But I'm skilled in technique, and honey, I ain't meek
With truth's flogger, Imma beat ya ass until you weak

You got ya coochie and titties out, I know you a top tier freak
I'm feeling your physique, you sweet with the sleek

But if we committed to our BDSM, you gotta master the safe word

It's a capital L-O-V-E, better act like you heard

Doublespeak is not preferred, I ain't fucking with the absurd
Back that ass up, if you consent to what you heard

Legacy

To have come from a womb,
And to have nursed maternal gloom

While being the bearer of a womb,
Birthing life is a task I can never assume

It is crystal clear to me
That the best mother I could be

Is to flower myself with love like a honeybee
Sipping on my own spiritual nectar is best for me

I choose selfhood over motherhood
Because I learned that love is deeply misunderstood

“You don’t go to an ice cream parlor with an appetite for soul food. You go into your kitchen and prep the meal from your soul. Through spirit, this you have been told.”

Yoke Up

Imma be my own paramedic
Tweak my energy and become magnetic

Peeling the scabs of wounds unhealed
Self-betrayal and denial are no longer a shield

Applying hydrogen peroxide to the heart's skin
My spirit will cease to circumvent the heartiest grin

Nor shall I browse the internet for a flirty distraction
The pursuit of joy is not a transaction, a spiritual infraction

Which only triggers the loneliness I seek to disown
I'd rather be alone instead of inflamed and in need of cortisone

Truth Telling

White women have desired
to date my heart, but not my skin
or its body. In them, I have sought escape
from the very rejection they render most politely.

The irony of this awareness is acerbic.
Soberly, I am gripping my heart,
realizing I have showered grace upon
the most unworthy entities.

I am left with the task of deploying kindness
unto myself for the confusion of such
maladaptive coping mechanisms.
And the masked pain that multiplies.

I look forward to meeting you on the other side.
I will walk with you the whole way through.
But I will tell no lies. And this, you must come
to accept if you truly desire the love you seek.

Fragile Associations

From the white babysitter to the white teachers throughout Catholic school. To the white caregivers at the group home run by whites. To the white therapist who I maintained contact with for twenty years.

I have dissociated from my black trauma based on neglect from my family of origin by seeking proximity to white women. Although unconscious, this has exposed me to tremendous casual and explicit racism. In ways that have transgressed my womaness and queerness.

The familiarity with white women and perceived tolerance have perpetuated my psychospiritual stagnation and avoidance of my deeply rooted black trauma of placelessness and perceived disposability.

I have shape-shifted and shrunk my whole self because the wound of not belonging has been persistent and destabilizing.

Although I love myself, I know that I have sought relief in ways that are incongruent with my sociocultural needs but have been informed by my socioemotional development.

There are parts of me that are akin to a sinking ship that must offload cargo to keep from submerging. That cargo once felt precious and now, with the gift of introspection, feels

misaligned and undeniably harmful. The self-neglect I have enabled perpetuates the placelessness I have sought to camouflage.

The more you run from yourself, the more lost you are within yourself.

I am standing still in the yuck of trauma and the self-distortions that shame would have me deny. I accept all of who I am. I am worthy of the love not bestowed upon me. I will treat myself to every ounce of love that has been withheld. I will transform the rage directed internally from life-long abandonment to an unconditional embrace rooted in the belief of my worthiness—even when this is not mirrored to me.

And as much as I fear solitude, it is the precise and most appropriate medicine to facilitate my healing.

Watch Your Six

Niggas killing Niggas
Seeing self-hate as fate

Disposable melanin
Juicing that adrenaline

Recycle your Black identity
Cuz, this ain't it Nigga
Feeling like, why Nigga!?

This stick up ain't worth ya life
You expediting your afterlife

Fuck, why? Blame the yt man
I do too, but I don't wanna enable you

Looking like a sambo coon
Sad ass fucking goon

Piping on Niggas who look just like you
Huey Newton would laugh at you

Martin's dream missed on you
Assata a refuge because she lived for you

I'm fucking confused. What's the revolution? This feels like anarchic devolution.

I fucks with abolition. But I got an admission. All this killing is Black Liberatory opposition.

Clarity tricks on all non-accountability. Niggas are allergic to responsibility. Fuck it's hard. But gunning ya own make sense to you?

Blackity Black Black fuck the Nigga, with the untraceable gat. Looking like spiritual plaque.

I hate it here. No matter the skin, we ain't all kin

Saddest shit. But that pistol missed me. Just a bystander on an evening walk. Abolition feeling like sugary talk

When niggas gunning niggas I be running. Wokeism stays stunning.

Black Sobriety

Self-medicating to cope within an oppressive society
Naming racial trauma, feels like perpetual anxiety

Saying I'm wounded, is an act of impropriety
Socially acceptable drug use and it's notoriety

Fuck it, my wellbeing is the priority
Global majority, to my healing, I am the authority

Sensitized

When love is your ignition,
Compassion is your nutrition

To energy you are a magician
And to trauma you are a clinician

You can heal like a holistic physician
And manipulate feelings like a musician

Deprogramming misalignment with your intuition
To spirit you pay your tuition

And to your life you apply definition
And inform your heart's condition

Mirror

I have become too familiar with a shallow well
A sense of self that feels incomplete
I have also met a waterfall that I stroke to swell

Where I find gold beneath my feet
In these waters, I seek to float
As my spirit is the boat

Traversing an earthly dimension,
Discovering joy to gloat

Observation

I be telling myself stories that hurt my feelings
And simultaneously, I ignore my feelings and engage in painful
dealings

It's a riddle in the river of emotion
Lots of movement, but no real motion

Agreed

I want to have what I need
And need what I have

The rest I concede

Therapy

Wokeism got me fucked up!
Reflecting, how full is my cup?

Bitch please, you the marriage of shadow and unadulterated
brilliance
Put that performative politic on clearance

No aspect of your being is a monolith
Define your life by a desired myth

One of your own construction
Birthed from falsities' destruction

Contemplation

I ain't with the season of spiritual cosmetology

Read a book on astrology

Told me trauma ain't no pathology

I am cosmic technology

Programmed by psychology

You see, reincarnation is a process of cellular detoxification

Frequency dislocation is an aberration

Because my geolocation is a divine vibration

My ancestral beacon is set to specification

For medicine is in the imagination

The locality of transformation

It's our collective hypnosis that requires annihilation

self-sustaining

Love is a fertilizer

I sprinkle daily to grow wiser

May the seeds of my soul be an atomizer

Emitting stellar waters to dehydrate the colonizer

**“Gratitude is an attitude that elevates my
spiritual altitude and imbues divine fortitude.”**

The Overturn

My womanhood is experiencing an existential assault
Cried so many tears, it's cheaper than salt

'Don't get comfortable!' This nation will not halt
I am reticent of the altered timeline

In my womb, I feel a calamity implanted
Freedom reigns untrue and disenchanted

I stand on the clock dial
Transported and dizzy with denial

Someone declare a mistrial!!!

33, What I see...

The more I reach for connection, the more familiar I become
with rejection.

This bestows clarity and balances polarity.

Everyone ain't meant for me, and I ain't for everybody.

A notion I learn daily how to embody.

After all, self-worth is not something to prove,

But something to perceive and believe.

Because every season has a reason.

Affirmative

I gotta keep my raft from sinking
Enabling incongruence leads to me shrinking

No matter what, I have a single vessel
With delicacy, I choose that which to wrestle

Although love and joy are in demand
I gotta offload my spiritual contraband

“When you can’t buy a New World Order, allow social engineering to construct the circumstances under which nations and individuals surrender their autonomy in exchange for their delicate survival, as the systems that perpetuate neocolonization are manipulated to fail.”

**“I exist within a computer simulation of the Gods:
Not ready to transcend;
To my destiny, I must attend.”**

Rhetoric

When diversity is a brand,
Inclusion becomes bland

Commodifying identity politics,
How capitalism plays tricks

Expropriation and appropriation,
White liberalism and its mutation

America's spiritual decadence and ahistorical orientation
Reduces our nation into a state of degeneration

And forestalls our political and collective salvation

Deliberation

I am entering a new chapter in my life,
And I want the characters to match the story.

When I transition, I want to know that I completed my
mission.

The assignment ain't on consignment.

I am responsible for my intention and execution.

This life is a poetic illusion. Be wary of this reality's insidious
delusion.

Be the scale for accountability and compassion

May your heart know when and how to ration

Wilted Flowers

When your father is a sexual predator
To harm, you became a spectator

Now a woman, I ask my creator
This life, let joy and discernment be the curator

And may my spirit seek harmony to cater
As I cultivate my essence as a pollinator

Imperial Black Subjects

Representation without systemic transformation
Leaves the Black Nation with cheap inspiration
And pervasive economic annihilation

Tokenism and symbolism are an
American Dreamer's psychological embolism

Please read capitalism's brochure,
Material accumulation is the lure

It's the spiritual poverty that we obscure
Communal interdependence has yet to mature

These ideological schisms seem to endure.

Conditioning

Oppression ain't episodic.
Rather chronic

Seeded by the divine.
Purpose, I define

Fading Exceptionalism

Captain save the world
Can't mind his own home

Giving aid and loans, an imperialist twirl
Fixing everybody else's hair, but to your own, you can't take a comb

Housing, healthcare, education, where is America's attention?
Domestic caste systems and cognitive dissonance is a retention

Neocolonialism is about economics and energy domination
Moralistic propaganda elicits consent of a sleeping nation

When the defense coffers are full of fiat currency
For this world's future, who will be the referee?

There is no holy or high ground in the exploitative West
When the model for freedom is a spiritual and lethal pest

Freedom remains the quest

Assess

I digress; let me find my egress
Before I regress and deny my progress

No longer either or, but both and—
The dualistic binary no longer meets the spirit's demand

Freedom is quite an expansive concept to understand
How much discomfort can you withstand

For your heart to expand?
Squeezing 40oz of connection into a 24oz container

Can leave you with less than your soul's needs.
Water your seeds with healthy deeds

Healing precedes that which impedes
Your heart's bout with doubt

Is cause for you to become devout
Let curiosity spout
And joy never know drought

Observation

Attachment trauma got me feeling like the queen
Of a spiritual drama; A hero's journey with no clandestine
attorney

Alchemy exhorts the highest of these dimensional courts
May the verdict evict that which causes the soul to constrict

Blood of a Different Color

Yemen. Syria. Afghanistan. Palestine. Sudan.

Is destabilization the plan? War seems to be a middleman

Cherry-pick which nation is worthy of foreign aid

How cheap can we reduce the currency for trade?

Christian and white? If not, let them eat dynamite.

Imperialism is a parasite with an insatiable appetite

It is very intelligent and sows seeds of discontent

Propaganda is a narrative, but whose conspiracy

Is more fictive and predictive?

Mainstream media is a sedative for the masses

Be sure to read a book, use your glasses

**“The demise of capitalism will be the fight for
the last tooth of a decaying economy in an
ecological climate of precarity.”**

War's Theatre

Ukraine is as pro-Jew as America is Black
You know that is wickedly wack

Zelenskyy or Obama
Go lie to your mama

Don't mean you ought to be the target of war
It's the propaganda that I cannot ignore

Anti-Blackness seems to be a common denominator
Welcoming 100,000 Ukrainian refugees is an illuminator

I guess Haiti and Mexico don't wear the right skin
Xenophobia has a fondness for melanated kin

Putin is a villain, and the USA is born again
Former KGB, is he not taking his orders like Osama?

Is white trauma an unfamiliar psychodrama?

Cheap Seats...

It's type funny to see the white man
Hate the Negro so much
He sold away his factories and companies
With tax benefits and cheaper labor
Because he couldn't bear to see the Black Nation thrive

How war is always alive in the imperial subject
The shuffle of hegemony is what we ought to expect
The whole continent of Africa is due reparations
And not white liberalism and its perverted iterations

But this White nation likes to bait
Enjoys manipulation as debate
NATO, it's not 1949 – it's 2022
You sneeze, Russia say achoo, and the whole world goes boo

With the IPCC report, I surmise we're best off saving our
energy and electricity
For matters of domesticity instead of global toxicity
Your bunkers will not protect you
Life is worth more than any war's revenue

Nod

Black folk catching their dreams
Of joy and economic and spiritual stability

Are without denouncements for they are worthy of lullabies
that materialize

Suffering is not what we Black people choose to specialize

Systemic bars rock our spirit because we ain't all meant to make
it

Clap for your sister, and your brother, and whoever

Just 'cuz, if not me then you

That's a win, too

A History

From being the stock to having stocks
From redlining and subprime loans
To subjugation and extraction on all clocks
Seems Whiteness is the arbiter for all zones

Educational loans and disrespectful compensation
White Supremacy stay on that Cracker operation
Erect laws to ensure poverty, then shame the poor
White savior, you nasty ass voyeur

**“White Supremacy is like plastic: It is cancerous
and has contaminated the consciousness of
every living being.”**

Pawns of War

The Empire is playing a game
Of musical chairs

To the cacophony of bombs,
Which subjects the human heart to tears

**“I may not have been a seed watered by her parents,
but I have found roots in a garden nourished
by my cosmic ancestors.”**

Last Runner

The blood is thick, oh!
I say, me blood be thick as night
My spirit has sight in the absence of light

I dream this story: One village, many a people
I have had night terrors of Africans running with horror in
their hearts
With slaughter within inches of their sweat

But I cannot place the era, was it from a time in Egypt?
Was it 1459, and one didn't make it back home to his village?
Was it the Cherokee woman who died before she could warn
the others?
Was it the matrilineal lineage on a ship to the Americas, North
or South?
Was it the African slave who became emancipated into a
sharecropper?
Was it the Igbo boy who ran from bombs falling out of planes?
Was it my great grandmother in the asylum with untreated
syphilis?
Was it my grandmother who was a sharecropper who ran
north?
How many of my kinfolk have been lynched and raped?
Was it my mother who was bussed to white schools?

I beg, oh, the blood is thick!

New Jack City, 1988
Richmond, New York

*The descendant of chattel slavery and the African son who made it abroad
One might say, "we hustle or die!"*

I am that seed who germinated and wondered why everyone
wanted me to die

I am that disposable fetus that couldn't hold that nigga down

I am that secret first-born who defies your false fidelity

If my blood were a library, I have stories that have gone in
circles

I have dilemmas that have been passed down like a baton in a
relay race

The riddles are incomplete, and I am not selling my skin for my
teeth

The blood is thick, oh!

I did not die even when it made the most sense

Because I know language, and it is all about tense

Now was then, and then is now

I am my ancestors promise:

“If my blood reunites, may she ignite!”

Black Imposter Syndrome

I’s an African plum
From the mud I came from

Ain’t I the Blackest berry
Sweet like a queer cherry

Forgo the brown paper bag test
To Blackness, I have never been a guest

But the commodification of authenticity
Belittles identity and its multiplicity

My skin is a chocolate city
Pulsing streets stay gritty

Dimples in every cheek
My Blackness is a boutique

Not unique in my mystique
But immune to simpleminded critique

I's an empress with no headdress
A Negress who ain't fit to be pressed or repressed

Miss me with the symbolism and cultural cannibalism

In Recovery

My mother must have binged on shame
when she bore me in her womb

This I assume because of the necrotic
racial trauma I have come to groom.

Pass me a fucking broom
I am ripping this “safe black” costume

The white gaze and it’s pretense serves my spiritual doom
All the while, I am deflated by my delayed bloom

I am fasting on self-inquiry, because
Black contentment is a feast I must consume

Enduring

When a Negress, your lens is a Venn diagram
Cancer in the language, no need for a mammogram

As I twiddle with the dehumanization of anti-blackness
While marveling the neocolonial, transnational, late-stage
capitalist success

I think to myself, if the earth were a woman, a Black woman
Capitalism would be the KKK, and her incessant rape would
make for a bull market.

All stocks rise when Black bodies and Black land are sought to
conquer.

Are we living a slave play? Is Black Death a white anchor?

Will earth become a Black Star, from which whiteness
extracted life?

Settled

We riding titanic
Nah Baby, don't panic

Evolution cycles through life and death
Close your eyes and take a deep breath

Certainty of safety has never been a guarantee
In life's auditorium, you are an attendee

From Hurricane and Earthquake and Firenado
To Nuclear meltdowns and burning oceans that glow

Kickback, find a hobby, stretch in the morning
I pray, that when needed, your dreams are the warning

Living Soil

Seeding
my soul

I bloom
whole

Flesh Tech

I am delicate software
Insert the wrong prompt

My whole system may shutdown
I need several updates

And it may occur without notice
When I am properly charged

You see, I'm an '89 computation
My hardware is an illustration

Of this living simulation
How else can one foretell the future

Or converse with the unliving
Psychosis is spiritual hypnosis

As a species with an unknown origin
For some, the veil is thin

To whom are we planetary kin?
Arguably, the variation of consciousness,

Irrespective of psychological incarceration,
Intimates that reality is your hallucination

Without a Cup

I drank the ocean with my heart,
To find my soul constipated with grief

I wonder, when does the past depart?
For the seasons of this journey have left me in disbelief

Falsities

*I felt landmines in her heart
before I could memorize her scent.*

Not Your....

Artifact to play with and discard

Not an exhibit preserved for your viewing

Not framed and hung in ways congruent with your belief
system

Where you find queer and Black being-ness intertwined in ways
often divine

You thought you could try me on?!?

Like a corset for a burlesque show of emotional lusting

You have your fill. Got your touch. Savored my taste. And
you're done!

The uncommitted. The runner. The foot traps in her heart. I
will not cross.

I am getting off this wall in your mind.

I am ripping the curtains and erecting mountains.

I much prefer nature to this cascade of torturous events.

Do Not!

Say, "*I love you*"
To me!

When you depreciate language
With deficits in your cadence

Your mischief is audacious,
My soul too spacious

Release

I cannot join you there,
Where you are drunk off fear

Because my joy is too dear,
To remain here

Dear Beloved,

The chaos I alluded to in that poem regarding my feelings upon meeting you was an incomplete reference. In the cosmos, there is ordered chaos that nurtures the evolution of complex life in our galaxy. In knowing you, I have become acquainted with that chaos that I love and am a keen observer of its process. It's the intensity that burns like a star that I want to hold in my palms but also run from because it brings me nearer to my inner being. Knowing you for the past year has been delightful and enriching.

You are a very intuitive woman. You say you know me, and I do not know what it means to be known. But you have proven to have an awareness of me, which was the very reason why my heart became inflamed with desire. Our Zoom call was the administration of an anti-inflammatory clarification of the heart. Truly, I was devastated! But after speaking with you for almost two hours this afternoon, I feel affirmed in the belief that our friendship is truly invaluable to me. I fear rejection so much that sometimes I run before the bond is solidified.

With you, I feel like you can be so attuned and delicate with my heart that I lose my shield. I am grateful to have experienced such trust and vulnerability with you in 2021. I write this to say I am committed to this friendship. And although I still fancy your touch, I respect that you must protect your heart and soul. And I must protect mine.

I want to grow with you. I want to witness and be witnessed for the evolution we pursue and embody. I may have taken the key to my home, but you will always have a key to my heart.

Fondly,

Zisa Aziza

My Racial Flu

There are viruses of the psyche.
The race phenomenon, as a social construct,
Has been weaponized to erode our society
In order to repress and subjugate the wealth of our humanity.

I thought I had wool-covered eyes... (maybe I do)

And then.

He was blocked from calling and on social media.
But on Facebook Messenger, he was able to call me.
He was sparse with details and heavy with questions.

“Your mother and I often speak,” ‘How lovely,’ I responded, ‘I would have never known.’

“Can I come by you?” he asked with a smirk.
I’m triggered. ‘My home is sacred,’ I say.

Twenty minutes pass. I feel myself dissociate.

He said, “I love you.”

~~Whiplash.~~ My progenitor is stalking me.

*In my body, I am transported to 1998, 12 Alade St. Lagos,
Nigeria*

My spirit is shattered. I am a lost child. A forsaken
being. There is no safe here. Where is here?

Where am I?

Life feels like bricks on my chest. I am not in my body.
My body is not safe. I am not in my body. My body is
not safe. I am not here. I am nowhere.

It's been twenty years. But it could have been last night.

Breathe.

Breathe.

Breathe!

Undoubtedly, I have a rupture in my spirit that only healthy
Black love can stitch.

And I berate myself for basking in the love that is easy and
consistent, and willing.

Because it is not Black like me.

How does this serve my spirit?

How does this mindset deprive me of nourishment?

I love accountability. I love humor. I love compassion. I love creativity. I love soft lips. I love morning breath. I love intricate minds. I love honesty. I love giggles. I love curiosity. I love the touch that loves my touch. I love complex hearts. I love melanin. I love intentionality. I love quality time. I love long and deep conversations. I love the hugs you can feel by memory. I love empathy.

The pendulum has settled in the center.

Wounded or not, I check for who checks for me.
I seed soil that seeds me. I love who I love.

Unplucking my Eyes of Wool

I want to love Black and Brown
Because pasty makes my heart frown

I am at the apex of enabling my self-delusion
White liberalism and its faux inclusion

I cradle my little Black girl for all her rejection
For never being worthy of love's protection

Family of origin, split of the same skin
And they say you should never kill your own kin

But why does my heart go stiff
Why is Black love this ominous cliff

Are White women my cocaine
Am I so wounded I keep the company to maintain

I plead no contest, this pattern of interest
In 2022, it's that mahogany love I seek to manifest

Dat Hollow Thing in ya Soul

*I understand why some girls with broken hearts learn quick,
to grow love from their wombs, intent upon birthing love to adorn
their wounds*

I am psychically hemorrhaging

But the rage is muted
I spiritually parachuted

From suicidal blues in Lagos in the 90's, back to a tolerable
NYC
And yet, the helix of loneliness is a chaotic storm with no
forecast

And still, I gather every ounce of charm unchanging traumas
deform
This formation of pain's compost is without synthesis or
symbiosis

Just medicated psychosis...

When “I love you” becomes “Goodbye”

The rhythm of a heart's sigh
Blindly, I believe in love's lie

I am in a tent in my psyche
In the deep wilderness of my shadow

Playing with rocks and stones
Beating the chambers of my heart with my own bones

You see, words can be hollow
Scooping joy from my cheeks

I had never known love that didn't sting
And yet, I chose to cling

I am drawing the sun and feeling its heat
There is poison that I must excrete

Like an irresolute pattern of dysfunction
How the lineage of trauma leads to malfunction

The self-disgust is like pepper, when I need mint
Self-compassion can help me, like glasses do a squint

Failing is how I learn; emotional mathematics takes time to
discern

Along the incline of the spiral of life, I lighten my load to bear
less strife

Knowing there will be peaks, and there will be valleys
Be present — do not worry about tallies

Dear One,

We met on 12/12/2021, days before winter solstice. I hadn't a clue who I was meeting, quite literally. Even so, I have been nourished by our every encounter since that day. Truly, you are a gem, an unassuming diamond in plain sight. I am deeply grateful to be building the gift of generous friendship with you.

The present is a present and I love unraveling our boundless imagination and deepest yearnings with one another. I sincerely hope to witness you, and be witnessed by you, for as long as we can pour into one another.

May we graciously swim in the waters of our highest selves, while remaining rooted in the transformative powers of being earthbound.

With Adoration.

Zisa Aziza

Dalu Chukwu,
Todah!

